

Pop Out

Dro Kenji

Ooh-oh, oh
All these diamonds on my neckpiece
I been runnin' to the checks, bitch, yeah
(Census, what you cookin')

I might pop out, yeah, I'm the hottest in my city
No, these niggas ain't on shit
Yeah, I pop out with this chopper, it's got a little extra kick
I told her, "Drop down," she can be my East Atlanta bitch
And we been flyin' in that coupe and I won't slow down
Watch my money run up rapidly and I slow down
She know I need her location when I touch down
I hate when I get in my head, no, I can't slow down

I keep a Glock with a beam, 'cause I don't trust a nigga 'round here
Yeah, smoke-free, niggas can't even breathe the same air
We way too up on you niggas, I really hate when they compare
I fuck the baddest thots in Cali', not a person was here (Oh-oh)
I feel like flexin', diamonds on this necklace cost a heavy check, bitch, oh-oh (Oh-ooh-oh, oh)
How could you stress about these hoes when you could run this shit up?

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